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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

VOL. XV MARCH, 1941 NO. 3

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

THE FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION on March 25, is the Patronal Feast of the Society because "on that day Our Lady, by consenting to become the Mother of Christ, became the CAUSE OF OUR JOY." Father Page has chosen this title for the page of reflections which he concludes with one of his own poems.

SISTER HELEN, author of "Carusos of the Roofs," and "A Babuchi is a Cook," turns to a more serious topic this month—an epidemic of smallpox in Dacca.

PROFESSION AND RECEPTION are the highlight of the news from home; and from abroad—we have a picture of our "Holland Family."

MARCH FINDS US already in the "swing" of Lent, when "we should meet the challenge of Christ's question squarely"— "Were not ten made clean? And where are the nine?"

"PLUMBING AND POSTURE" is **not** a series of setting up exercises for repairers of pipes and drains—but it will tell you how a few "unmodern inconveniences" give "the poorest little beggar girl who follows you with outstretched hands in the market place . . . a carriage and an air that no gymnasium in America could develop."

THE CONVERSION OF THE HINDUS is the March Mission Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer. And you will feel you know more about those for whom you pray when you finish reading of Dr. Dengel's "munshi."

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Editor

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CONCERNING EXPIRATIONS

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:
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Envoys of Democracy

When a watch keeps good time, there is no occasion to talk about it. Healthy people do not bestow any—or much— thought on normal physiological processes. As long as democracy provides security and prosperity, there is very little mention of it. The fact that it figures much in speeches and print lately has, perhaps, led to application of all that it implies to more phases of life.

For example, in a sermon recently preached at our Motherhouse, a Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, chose the "Democracy of Missionaries" as his theme, and thus brought it vividly to our consciousness. He stated that the Preamble of the Declaration of Independence was lived up to by missionaries in the fullest sense of the word: This most famous of democratic documents states that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

What is life? Christ declared: "I am the Life." All people have a right to life and therefore they all have a right to know the true Life, Jesus Christ . . .

What is liberty? It is the freedom to live up to one's destiny; to know, love and serve God, and to be happy with Him forever. All men have a right to liberty. Missionaries aim to bring it to the remotest parts of the earth. They are willing to undergo hardships, to endure opposition and even martyrdom if need be, to make it available to all.

All men have a right to the pursuit of happiness. What is happiness? One definition of it, perhaps, is that it is satisfaction of the normal urges with which the Creator has endowed the human soul, mind and body. Tertullian already said: "The soul of man naturally tends to Christianity." The mind craves knowledge and truth. The body wants well being, freedom from pain and disease.

Missionaries are engaged in bringing happiness in every sense of the word. Not an unusual argument against missions is that savages do not know any better, they do not miss what they never had. Since they are human beings, is it justifiable to deprive them of essential equality, liberty, and happiness? Can they be "happy" as victims of superstitious beliefs, obsessions and fears? Can a disease-ridden, undernourished, poverty stricken people be happy? Is a "healthy body in a healthy soul" not a "sine qua non" for them as well as for us?

The democracy of missionaries is sometimes considered extravagant—but it is incorrigible. It belongs to the essence of the missionary vocation to look on all men as the children of the same Father, and to pray, labor and sacrifice that they all may enter His household, where there is Life . . . and liberty . . . and happiness!

—Anna Dengel

"Everything has been too easy for most of us. All life has aspired to the condition of an English week-end — a Thursday-to-Monday holiday of minimum effort and maximum pleasure. Amusement has been our national cry; a "good time" for chief concern. The perfect life, as viewed by the average youth or adult is a round of ease or entertainment, of motion pictures, radio programs, parties, alcoholic and sexual excesses. This indolent and undisciplined way of life has sapped our individual vigor, imperilled our democratic form of government. Our race pitifully needs new supplies of discipline, morality and intelligence. If we do not now impose discipline, upon ourselves and upon our children there are others — crueler and more tyrannical — who some day will.

—Dr. Alexis Carrel

Cause of Our Joy

by

FATHER PAGE, C.S.C.

I think it will be best to state in the beginning that when we term Our Blessed Lady, "Cause of Our Joy," we do this in a relative though real sense; relative because in Catholic thought, both theological and devotional, God is the Absolute and, therefore, all creatures (and Our Blessed Lady is a creature, though the most exalted in grace) are given honor only in a relative sense. This being said, let us consider the claim of the Blessed Virgin to the sweet title—Cause of Our Joy.

Both reason and reevlation reveal God as the Beginning and End of His rational creatures and therefore Catholic thought designates God as the true absolute joy of the soul of man. But when we consider how God has designed to bring Himself into the lives and souls of men then we must recognize the reasonableness of Our Blessed Mother's designation as "Cause of Our Joy." This truth we might formulate thus: God is Our Joy; but Mary, God's Blessed Mother, has brought us God. Therefore, Mary is rightly titled, "Cause of Joy."

The first part of this proposition, namely that God is Our Joy, hardly needs discussion here. The second brings us to the unfolding plan of God's Redemptive Action in which, the plan for man's reflection of His Creator's happiness having been shattered by the fall of our first parents, God opened for man a plan of bewildering beauty and divine condescension in which His Own Eternal Word assumed the role of Adam as spiritual father of the race and the Blessed Virgin Mary that of a second and spiritual Eve through whose faith, humility and absolute fidelity to God the folly of the first Eve was set aside, and as St. Paul so eloquently testifies where sin did abound there grace did more abound; and so God through Mary gave us Jesus, His Son and Our Joy—and Mary in her role as Mother of Jesus is rightly designated as Cause of Our Joy.

The relation of the average Catholic with Our Blessed Mother is, I believe, so fundamental as to be in large measure unconscious, it is there and we no more think of discussing or reasoning about it than we do of our devotion and reverence to the mothers who bore us and still follow us either from earth or from God's Heaven with providing love. Yet were we to seek for a fit symbolizing of Mary's role as Cause of Our Joy, it seems to me we can find it in the setting of Cana of Galilee. There the charity of Our Blessed Mother, her unobtrusive gracious thoughtfulness of a bride and bridegroom, her perfect confidence in and compliance with the will of her Divine Son merited the award of His first public miracle and the consequent joy not only of the bridegroom and bride but, indeed, of the entire wedding party.

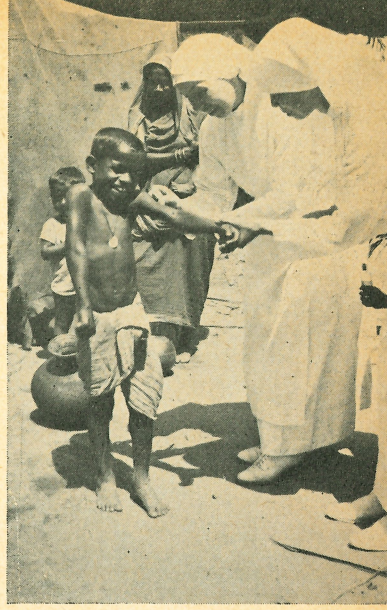
Now the symbolism is this: God has planned a wedding party for the children of men as a foretaste and foreshadowing of the Eternal Marriage Banquet of the Lamb wherein the souls of the elect shall be united eternally in Christ to the Adorable Trinity, yet as nature fails, as the wine f human felicity runs more reluctantly and feebly from the cask of time, there is the beautiful Mother of God, always mindful of our happiness, always at her Son's side, and at her suggestion (born indeed of the Charity of her Divine Spouse) there is still released upon earth in a thousand diverse and mysterious channels—the rich wine of God's most holy grace—and thus truly is Mary entitled both in the language of dogma and of devotion to her sweet appealing designation—Cause of Our Joy.

The waters sparkled into gleaming wine
Long years ago at Cana's festal board
When Mary spoke to One Who was Divine—
Whose Heart defenseless to the sword
Of His Own Mother's wish would ever prove.
And still today the banquet board is set
And still the bridegroom's face grows pale,
The bride's dark lashes tremble wet
With tears' anticipation frail
Of sudden fear.
But yet through veils invisible
A Mother's eyes look comprehending down,
A Mother's heart of human woe all sensible
Earthward is bent from Heaven's high-walled town,
The while a Mother's lips her thoughts entwine
Into a prayer of love unto One always near,
Master and Bridegroom of Life's Final Feast,
And still Earth's tears are turned to ruddy wine
Obedient as God unto her wish the least!

Epidemic

by

Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N.



During the several years I spent nursing in the United States before coming to India, I had never seen a case of smallpox. But I do not think I had been in Dacca more than a few weeks when, on my rounds in District work, I came into contact with a case that was truly unforgettable. It was a baby about nine months old, apparently in a dying condition, the head, the face, the whole body, a solid mass of pustules! A "quack doctor" had been called in on the case, and apparently he had given no instructions with regard to isolation: The mother was holding the little one in her arms, and her three other children were clustered around her!

We reported the case to the Health Officer, who sent a vaccinator to the home, but it was not without considerable difficulty that we persuaded the mother to have her two young children vaccinated, and her older daughter and herself re-vaccinated.

At the Mitford Hospital in Dacca we have only a few beds for smallpox cases — that is, in normal times. But when an epidemic rages, necessity rules. During the epidemic of a few years ago, the entire infectious block was utilized for smallpox cases and even this did not begin to take care of the influx of patients! After the epidemic had been raging for several weeks, it was found necessary to erect a camp for male patients in an isolated area across the river, and female patients only were admitted to the hospital.

Still the number increased—and not only through admissions. Every day patients in the medical and surgical wards were developing the disease, in spite of efforts to enforce a strict isolation technique. It might be mentioned that Indians consider it their privilege to visit relatives in hospitals whenever they choose, and to insure the observance of the rule of "No Visitors," it finally was necessary to station policemen at the gates!

For the benefit of those thus rigidly excluded from hospital precincts, a bulletin was posted twice a day, stating the progress and condition, not only of the "pox" patients, but also of others seriously ill in the general wards.

In our observation of the cases, we occasionally found patients suffering from smallpox who had been vaccinated a few years previously, but they invariably had the disease in a mild form. Those suffering from the confluent type, in which the pustules coalesce until the entire body appears to be a solid mass of corruption, all gave histories of "no vaccination," or, once in a while, of vaccination many years before.

This same applied to patients suffering from the haemorrhagic form—the most virulent of all. In these cases, the vesicles fill with blood instead of with pus, and there are haemorrhages from the mucous membrances. A severe degree of toxemia is present which causes delirium, and coma and death occur within a week. Unfortunately, not one of our patients suffering from this latter type recovered, while many extremely ill with the confluent type eventually could be discharged. In the city outside the hospital, the death rate averaged about 200 a week, during the height of the epidemic.

Four of our medical students on duty in the pox wards contracted the disease, but not one of our nurses, who were in far more prolonged contact with the patients.

By experiment, our doctors found a strictly fresh 2% solution of potassium permangante, applied to the skin twice daily, was most effective in relieving the terrible itching and in controlling the obnoxious odor. The only objection to this was that the bedding was stained brown; only a strong solution of chlorinated lime would bleach it.

What time we could spare was spent assisting at the vaccination stations in the city. In spite of the dead and the dying all about them, the people did not respond as they should have, and it was necessary to go from house to house, and almost search them out! On the day that we were detailed to Rishipara, a settlement of leather workers, we breathed a sigh of relief. We had conducted sewing classes in this section for several years, and anticipated no difficulty at all. Confidently we entered the first house. There were at least six women sitting on the floor and chatting, and they turned to give us a cordial welcome. But—as soon as they discovered the object of our visit, they disappeared as if by magic!

Since this fatal epidemic, there have been only a few sporadic cases in the city. Apparently all the unvaccinated inhabitants died, or were rendered actively immune by having had the disease, so we are now looking forward to several years of grace!

News From HOME and ABROAD

Sister M. Gertrude

On February 11, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, five novices made their first vows as members of the Society, and one postulant received the habit. The ceremony at the Motherhouse came as a climax to the eight-day retreat, preached by the Rev. Remigius F. X. McCoy, of Ottawa, Canada, who has served as a missionary in Africa for eleven years. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally, LL.D., presided, assisted by the Rev. John J. O'Rourke, C.S.C., chaplain at the Motherhouse, as Master of Ceremonies.

Sister M. Rosina, R.N.

and came to the United States in 1938.

Sister Mary Rosina Raaphorst, R.N., of Lisse, Holland, who was graduated from the Hospital of St. John of God in Hoorn, Holland, and entered the Society in Osterley.

The postulant who received the habit is Miss Grace Moy, R.N., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Moy, of Minden City, Mich. She is a graduate of Providence School of Nursing, Detroit, Mich. She received the name in religion of Sister Mary Martin.

Sister M. Augustine

Those who were professed are as follows:

Sister Mary Regina Green, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, a graduate of St. Francis High School, Council Bluffs. Her sister, Sister Mary Bonaventure, is a novice in the community.

Sister Mary Augustine Kooter, of Wognum, Holland, who entered in Osterley, England, and came to the United States in 1938.

Sister Mary Dolores Paulus, R. N., of Chester, Ill., who was graduated from St. John's Hospital School of Nursing, St. Louis, Mo., and received her B.S.N. from St. Louis University.

Sister Mary Gertrude Vis, of Hoorn, Holland, who entered at the house in Osterley, England,

Sister M. Regina

Sister M. Dolores, R.N.

Our new Medical Mission Family in Heerlen, Holland. His Excellency Most Rev. Guglielmus Lemmens, Bishop of Roermond, in the center. Taken at the opening of the novitiate, September, 24, 1940.

The ceremony was held at 8 o'clock in the morning in the Motherhouse Chapel. The sermon was preached by the retreat master, Father McCoy. Himself a missionary, he chose as his theme: "Give ear ye islands, and hearken ye people from afar . . . Behold I have given thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation even to the farthest part of the earth." (Isaias 49: 1-6)

"It is a happy day for you," he said. "And it is a happy day for the souls of those you are to help Christ to save . . . those to whom you are to bring joy and salvation. God has planned the salvation of man through the love of fellowmen. It is not that He had any need of us. But in love, He wants us to have a share in the work for which His Son gave His life, that men may have a taste of the happiness God promised to those who help to spread His Kingdom.

"It is out of love for us that God has deigned to make use of men to bring the fruits of His love, of His suffering, of His salvation, to souls. He chooses whom He will for a special part in this work . . .

"All mankind has a mission to souls, but some are to give themselves entirely. God's call has fallen on those who are consecrating themselves today.

"Many people are deaf to the words of the Gospel. There is only one language they understand: Charity. God has directed human beings by His inspiration and founded this Society to bring souls to salvation—to reach souls by charity to the body.

"Let us thank God for the choice He has made, let us ask Him to bless them and this Society, that Christ may reign, and souls in heaven with Him."

INDIA

Letters from India are more frequent again, but they are a long time on the way. By next month we hope to have the annual reports. We have already heard that the Indian Sisters passed their government examinations.

So far, we have had only one letter from our travelers to the Orient. They expected to reach their destination of North India by the end of February.

ENGLAND

The news from Osterley does not vary. "Thank God, we are safe," is the refrain. And then the postscript: "Please pray for all of us over here."

HOLLAND

After several months of anxious waiting, letters have reached us at last from our Medical Mission Family in Holland. Dr. Eleanore Lippits writes:

"I hope you have received some news from us— we are all very well and things go relatively smoothly. The 'Bank of Providence' is taking care of us. We have sufficient, although we do have a chance to practice poverty. It is a great help to have only small allowances of various things—we learn to be careful!

"At present we are finishing the work on our winter supply. We are burying our potatoes, carrots, etc., to keep them from freezing. The cellars are quite large, but we need them for other things. It is quite a job to provide for such a large family, but until now we have had enough of everything.

"Christmas was very beautiful and happy. We had three Holy Masses at Midnight . . .

"The missionary spirit in Holland seems to be as strong as ever. The whole Catholic population is permeated with it. How do they do it? is the question!"

Thou Art The Physician

"Were Not Ten Made Clean?"
. . . Luke xvii: 17

by

The Rev.
Benedict Ehmann

Our Blessed Lord had just left Galilee, for the last time. It was about four months before His death, and His face was set toward Jerusalem. On His journey, as He came to the outskirts of a village, He was saluted by ten lepers who stood at a distance and shouted to Him with loud voices.

By an ancient Jewish law, all lepers were segregated from the community and had to live in stations by themselves. If they were approached, they had to give warning that they were lepers. These ten doubtless belonged to a station, but their cry to Jesus was not a cry of warning: it was a cry for help: "Jesus, master, have mercy on us."

("Kyrie, eleison!" The same cry is ours every day in the Holy Mass: Out of our nothingness, out of the darkness of the world, we call out to our Physician and Redeemer. In these days of Lent we isolate ourselves from the normal routine of life's pleasures, because of our sinfulness; and from afar we call out to the Lord, "Have mercy on us!")

Jesus sends the ten lepers to the Jewish priests. According to another ancient law of the Jews, if a leper was cured, he was required to go to the priests for certification of his cure before he could resume his place in the community. As these ten turned their steps toward the synagogue, they had to make a strong act of faith. They were not yet cured; yet they were told to undertake a journey which presupposed that they were cured. Every one of them met this test of their faith, and "as they went, they were made clean."

(We Christians have been made clean: first, by "water and the Holy Ghost" in Baptism, and often after that, by the absolving words of the Sacrament of Penance. The healing which Jesus brought to human bodies was a symbol of the deeper healing which He brought to human souls. Sin is a leprosy, deforming the soul's beauty, draining its strength, and bringing it down to death. But when we call upon Christ with faith, His word of power makes our souls clean. Once more they are beautiful to God, strong and alive with grace. That is a miracle which incalculably surpasses the healing of the lepers.)

It is not hard to imagine the delirious happiness of the ten lepers as they realized that sound health was being restored to their rotting flesh. How eager they must have been to finish up speedily the legal report to the priests, and get home to their families and friends! One thought must have been clamoring in their minds as the distance widened between them and their Healer: "At last our exile is over, and we may mingle with our loved ones and our friends. Let us hurry, to prove that it is more than a dream."

But one of them, no less happy than the others, was filled with another thought . . . not of himself, but of his wonderful Healer. He left his companions, and went back by the way they had just come. They must have known what that retreating figure was about to do. Perhaps a qualm of conscience slowed their steps for a moment . . . but only for a moment, and off they hurried again in their headstrong joy.

When the thankful leper came back to Jesus, "he fell on his face before His feet, giving thanks: and this was a Samaritan." What bitter comment in those last simple words! Christ's own countrymen take His gift without courtesy. It is left for a despised half-breed to pay the honors to God for His mercy.

Not in anger, but with weary patience, Jesus asked, "Were not ten made clean? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger."

During this Lent we should meet the challenge of Christ's question

squarely. Yes: ten were made clean. How many Christians throughout the world — all of them once made clean in the waters of Baptism! How many prodigal Christians each day kneeling in the holy twilight of how many confessionals to be made clean once again!

Yet where are nine-tenths of our Christians when it comes to giving thanks and glorifying God for His mercy? "It is truly meet and just, right and available unto salvation, always and in all places to give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God." The prayer-life of many Christians seems to revolve only around contrition and petition. Thanksgiving and adoration are forgotten duties.

After Confession, and in the Holy Mass, do we prostrate our souls, like the grateful leper, before the feet of God, "giving thanks"? In the original Greek of St. Luke's Gospel, those last words are **"eucharistōn auto."** They remind us of the Holy Eucharist, which is the great sacrament of thanksgiving.

Jesus has made Himself the great Mediator of our thanksgiving to the heavenly Father. Daily in the Mass, He makes Himself our Eucharist—our Thanksgiving. After the consecration, the priest takes the Body of Jesus, makes the sign of the cross with It over the Precious Blood, and says the words, "Through Him, and with Him, and in Him, is to Thee, God the Father almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory, forever and ever."

At that supreme moment of thanksgiving (which comes right before the Pater Noster), may we always be ready with generous hearts to offer up our gratitude for all God's gifts, in particular for His cleansing of the leprosy of our souls and for His filling of them with His own divine life!

LOVE OF TRUTH IS THE BASIS OF CHARACTER

Catherine Hemler --- Friend and Helper

History has been defined as a series of biographies. Looking at it in that light, Miss Katherine Ann Hemler, who died on January 20th in Harrisburg, Pa., constitutes a unique chapter in the annals of our Society.

Sixteen years ago, the term "Medical Mission" was not familiar to many Catholics, yet already then it had a special attraction for Miss Hemler, who was always a step ahead. When she saw in the CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES a short notice of "Dr. Dengel's endeavors to arouse interest in medical aid for the secluded women of the East," it struck a chord in her charitable heart. Spontaneously, she invited Dr. Dengel to come to Harrisburg where she arranged for a talk to a representative group. What balm such volunteer interest meant, can only be judged by the uniqueness of it. Many people respond kindly and sympathetically when asked, but only the few with a truly apostolic heart take the initiative as Miss Hemler did.

That first meeting early in 1925 was the beginning of a lasting friendship and of faithful and generous moral and financial support. When the Society was founded in the fall of 1925, Miss Hemler and her sisters sent a "birthday present" which brought a joy never to be forgotten. Soon after, this loyal friend organized a Mission Circle, under the patronage of the Little Flower, which helped substantially to keep the home fires burning during the pioneer years. She had the happy faculty of getting cheerful and whole-hearted cooperation from her friends and relatives. Few of them escaped her plea for the Medical Mission Cause—but she presented it in such a way that they loved it, too!

Miss Hemler foresaw almost before we had time to think of it, that we needed a larger Motherhouse, and started saving for it. Her sacrifices are incorporated in our houses in Washington and Philadelphia.

Her frequent letters to the Society showed that she followed every development with keen interest and joy. These words of encouragment and solicitude were not the least part of her contribution! They meant much, and her letters are preserved.

Miss Hemler's charity extended to fields close by, too. She devoted much time to braille, and gave it up only when her failing health made it impossible.

God granted her a long and full life. She died peacefully, fortified by all the consolations of the church, in her 75th year. Many Masses were offered for her.

May we ask our Readers to add their prayers to those of her friends and relatives in the spirit of communion that links together all our benefactors, who, in the last analysis, are a vital part of the sum total of our Society.

—Anna Dengel

Plumbing --- and Posture

In which Sister Alma Julia continues her letter to her niece.

Dear Mary Theresa:

Well, you see I am keeping my word and writing you the promised "next installment." It was houses I told you I would write about next, wasn't it?

I don't think you would like the houses these little girls live in. Sometimes the whole family has only **one** room. Or there may be a front room (in which the buffalo lives, if the family owns one), then a little courtyard about the size of your garage, where the cooking, washing, and just about everything else is done, and off of this one or two little rooms where the family sleeps.

Almost every family has its own buffalo, as buffalo milk is the kind that is usually drunk here, and forms the main item in the diet. The buffalo is different from the American bison. It is more like a great big black cow, only much larger than any cow you have ever seen! The animals are harmless enough but very awkard and clumsy.

There is no yard for the buffalo, so it is tied outside the front door —right in the street!—during the day, unless one of the children has taken it out somewhere to try to find a few wisps of grass. At night it is brought into the house!

One of the surprising things I saw when I first went out walking down one of the numerous alleys that they call "streets" here, was a little six-year-old girl coming slowly down the three steps that led from her house to the road, a rope in her hand, and after her (at the end of the rope), came a one-ton buffalo, right out of the house and down the steps without mishap! (I might mention that we use buffalo milk at the hospital, too, and like it—but we boil it first!)

But to get back to the houses. They are made of brick and cement—just like a good garage back home. Doors and windows of wood (no glass) complete the building. The houses are built against each other in a solid block, like a row of apartment buildings, and they are right on the street (there is no sidewalk), so that the children have no place to play except in the dust and traffic of the road, or, if the home has an inner courtyard, they may have their fun inside. And then, there is always the roof!

The request of a Chinese woman is typical of the effect of the work of our missionaries in war-torn China: "I want to hear about the religion that teaches people to help those who suffer." The remark explains the million and more catechumens in China now. It is a lesson for us.—The Universe, November 22, 1940.

The roof is flat, and is reached by stairs. When it is cool, it is a very pleasant place to play indeed, for the sun keeps you warm. But when the weather gets hot—and it gets very, very hot for several months—the roof won't do. One must seek for shade, then.

In the country places, and, to some extent, around here, too, the houses and fences are of mud.

Krishna has no running water in her home, no wash bowl with shiny faucets, or nice white sink with a handy drain. Rawalpindi is farther advanced than most Indian cities and villages, however, and has provided running water at a hydrant at all the main street corners. So Krishna takes a copper vessel or an earthen pot, goes to the street corner, fills it, cleverly balances it on her head, and brings it home to her mother.

Now, Mary Theresa, suppose you had to walk to Lorain Avenue for every pail of water you wanted to use around the house—for cooking, for washing the clothes, for washing your hands and face! Don't you think that that would give you something to do instead of going to school? And I imagine you would be very tired out after one trip, but that is because you would carry the pail of water at your side, hanging down from your arm. You would have to learn to carry it on your head, like Krishna does, and you would find it much easier! Besides, it is so graceful.

All the Indian girls walk very straight and move with perfect grace; I am filled with surprise every time I watch them. Carrying things on their heads is partly responsible, but I have heard that another reason is that they do not sit on chairs: They sit or squat on the ground, or on a four-inch-high stool. Now, try getting up and down from that position fifty times a day, and you will be surprised how it will improve your posture! Why, the poorest little beggar girl who follows you with outstretched hands in the market place here has a carriage and an air about her that no gymnasium in America could develop!

But to get back to the water problem. Since it is scarce in the first place, and takes work to procure in addition, it is not surprising that Krishna and her home and clothes sometimes do not seem over clean to us. The housekeeping is quite simple. After the clothes, or the dishes, or perhaps

WATER CARRIERS

the baby, have been washed, the waste water is simply thrown into the ditch which runs in front of every house. There are no sinks to get clogged up or faucets to polish! The "sewage system" is just the open ditch, which runs along the sides of the streets—or in the center, if the street is narrow. These run into larger ditches, and these—where they finally run to I have not yet found out. Mostly they seem to stand still finally, and the flies and mosquitoes have "a happy life."

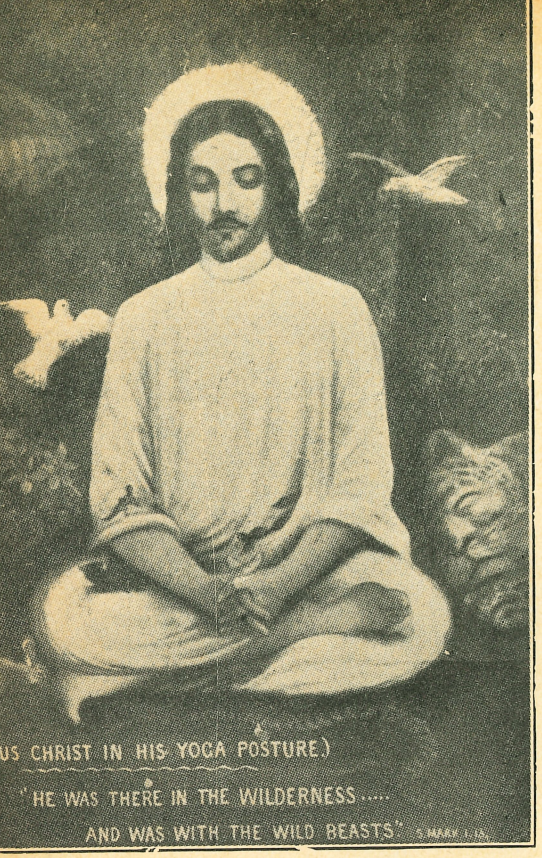
So you see, nothing about the house is complicated. Here in the north the people are better off than those in some parts of India. For instance, most of them sleep on beds—string beds, on a wooden frame (charpoys). There are shelves along one end of the room for the few cooking utensils, basket-trays, and other items that the family may possess.

Krishna eats with her fingers, so there is little dishwashing. For cooking she uses a little tin or a pottery affair, about the size of a bucket, in which leaves, straw, dried manure (or among the wealthier, coal or wood), serves as fuel for the frying pan of "chappattees" (a sort of pancake), or the pot of curried vegetables. The "pancake" is taken into the hands like a dish, the curried vegetables (vegetables prepared with a mixture of hot spices) are ladled on top of it, and all is eaten together. Thus no plates are needed. They tell me that in the south, where they eat a great deal of rice and curried fish, a banana leaf is used for a plate!

I suppose I shall really have to stop now, for I have written reams already, though I have still more to tell you about what Krishna does—but it will keep for another time. Until then, I am,

In J.M.J.,

Your loving Aunt.



March Mission Intention

For the conversion of the Hindus.

During the month of March the Holy Father bids us pray for the conversion of the 280 millions of Hindus.

When one lives and works among Hindus, surprises never cease. Even a lifetime of study of this socio-religious-philosophical system would not alter such a statement. In some ways, Hinduism is as elastic and as indefinite as vapor—and in others, it is as rigid as stone!

A few days after my arrival in India, I engaged a Hindustani teacher who was a Brahman. He was a poor man, moderately well educated, very gentlemanly, and, of course, the cream of society, being of the twice-born priestly caste! He was able to impart his teaching in good English—he had even written a book in which he made his pupils translate the sentence: "The moment a leg is broken, it should be amputated." However, that is only by the way.

He was much more fond of talking about religion than of teaching Urdu, and be it confessed, even the pupil preferred to listen to stories about fakirs, and to the music of Persian poetry, than to study grammar! The "munshi," as teachers are called, surprised me with many sublime ideas and prayers of Hinduism—not rarely, however, mixed with absurd notions. He assured me that the educated Hindus believed in only one God. I asked him why they did not spread this among the ignorant masses. His answer came without a moment's hesitation: "Because they are not fit for it." In other words, they do not deserve it—due to "karma," the inexorable law of retribution. Subsequently I learned that Hindus may be polytheists, monotheists, pantheists —or worship no god at all. They may adore stones, animals, rivers, incarnations of heroes or saints, abstract ideas as wisdom and fertility and wealth, or objects of fear such as plague and cholera, and so on. The Hindu pantheon offers the rich choice of 333 millions of gods!

My "munshi" gave me also a concrete example of what it means to be "high caste." Every day during the hot weather, I had a glass of cold water ready for him upon his arrival. He never touched it, however. On a particularly hot day, I drew his attention to it. Knowing me better by then, he explained that, being a Brahman, he could not possibly take water from me, a non-caste person.

"We have strict rules," he said. "We Brahmans may allow a low caste man to fill our drinking vessel, but cannot drink water from the vessel that belongs to a low caste. The high caste man can give the low caste man a drink by pouring it from his vessel to that of the drinker. Just watch them at the railway stations," he remarked.

One day his wife came to the dispensary barefoot. I was surprised, and attributed it to extraordinary economy. Later in the day when I asked the "munshi" about it, he explained that she was such an orthodox Hindu that she would not defile cowhide by stepping on it! Luckily such orthodoxy is rare! He also volunteered the information that after his parents had engaged him, he was not allowed to walk down a certain street for fear that he would see his bride.

This statement, of course, led to a lengthy conversation about the duty of parents to marry their children. They owe it to themselves and to their ancestors, for by begetting a virtuous son, a man saves himself, as well as the seven preceding and the seven succeeding generations from hell! This anxiety for offspring explains child marriages, and the law that a girl must be married before puberty. If she is not, she brings disgrace on her family in this world and damnation to them in the next!

(*Continued on Page* 54)

In Our Library

THE FLYING PRIEST OVER THE ARCTIC, by Paul Schulte, O.M.I. Harper and Brothers, New York. $2.75. 267 pps. 1940.

This thrilling tale of heroic labors in the Canadian Arctic is probably one of the most gripping missionary stories of today. It was our beloved Pope of the Missions, Pius XI, who referred to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate as "specialists in difficult missions," and even a cursory glance at the pages of "The Flying Priest Over the Arctic" will prove how justified Our Holy Father was in thus terming the hero priests and brothers who labor in the land of everlasting ice and snow without hope or desire of earthly recompense. For that matter, nothing of earth could possibly be a recompense for the sufferings and privations and hardships that they endure in their labors to plant the light of Faith in the darkness of the pagan Arctic night.

As many of our readers know, Father Schulte is the founder of the MIVA, a mission organization whose purpose is to supply airplanes, motorboats, automobiles and radios to the missions throughout the world—particularly to isolated missions.

Born as a result of the crying need of a means of sending medical aid to the missionaries and the natives, the MIVA has been a power in medical mission work in isolated missions. One of Father Schulte's first opportunities to help came shortly after his assignment to the Vicariate Apostolic of Hudson Bay. Father Julien Cochard lay in a critical condition in the mission at Arctic Bay, far from a hospital or medical care. It meant a twenty-two-nundred-mile flight to him, through snow and ice and heavy winds, but Divine Providence guarded both missionary and rescuer, and Father Schulte was able to take Father Cochard to the hospital in Chesterfield Inlet where the Grey Nuns from Montreal received him and nursed him back to health.

This was Father Schulte's first experience in helping to obtain medical care for the sick in the Arctic. Time and time again the opportunity was offered to him to have a share in bringing health of body to the missionaries and the natives. The daring and dangerous flights he made in rendering this

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The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, but in what direction we are moving—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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assistance are like a page out of a story book. When Father Schulte could not carry the patient to the doctor, he carried the doctor to the patient! And the Eskimos, like human beings everywhere, understand the language which speaks to them through alleviation of their physical pain and suffering.

But not all of Father Schulte's time was spent with the sick. He played a noble part in dispelling both loneliness and hunger, especially among his own confreres, for on his trips to these northernmost stations he carried mail and food supplies that ordinarily would not have reached their destination for about two years!

The airplane as a means of transportation in the frozen north has made it possible for the missionaries to travel to and from their mission stations in a few days, and the superiors have used it to great advantage in making visitations. Truly, the services rendered to the Arctic missions by Father Schulte have been many and varied and have helped immeasurably in strengthening the Church in these pagan wastes.

Several chapters of the book are devoted to the Eskimos and their way of living, a result of necessity evidently, rather than of choice. Travelling from station to station as he did, Father Schulte had ample opportunity to see the natives under varying circumstances, and he gives a very good character description of them. Among the Eskimos, as among other pagans, women are merely slaves.

Some of the descriptions of the Eskimo mode of life—the destitution, the poverty, the unwelcome inhabitants of one's clothes and sleeping bags (!), the grease on all sides—might deter some would-be missionaries from choosing the frozen north, but the same tales of misery will inspire others with the desire to dedicate their lives to the conversion of these neglected ones, even at the risk of some day becoming the victim of Eskimo cannibalistic appetites!

The chapter on the "Unknown Soldiers of the Arctic" is a worthy tribute to the heroic men and women who are planting the Faith of Christ in this, the most difficult of all mission fields. One of them is a native of Texas, the others are French, French-Canadian, Irish and Belgian.

"The Flying Priest over the Arctic" is a gripping story of heroism that should inspire us to want to share in the labors of these zealous missionaries. Some of us have the vocation to go to the Orient where the thermometer climbs to 120 and 125 degrees, rather than to the frozen north where it drops to from 60 to 70 degrees below zero, and where stoves are almost an unknown luxury, but all of us, whether in the missions or the homeland, can certainly pray for these Unknown Soldiers of the Arctic.

—Sister M. Francis Patrick.

BY JACOB'S WELL, by Most Reverend James Leen, C. S. Sp. Translated from the French by Rev. Edward Leen, C. S. Sp. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. $3.50 419 pps. 1940.

The pages of "By Jacob's Well" are replete with the atmosphere of a really spiritual retreat. From the opening conference, in which the Archbishop, with masterly strokes, delineates the soul about to go apart for awhile with God alone, on through the various mediations touching every phase of the spiritual life, the book will hold the attention of the devout reader. The conferences contain the fundamental doctrines of the spiritual life, and the thoughts are placed before the reader in a manner which forces honest thought. The Most Reverend Author, with all the sureness of the experienced Retreat Master, does not hesitate to draw a picture of the soul where self-love reigns, and then to hold up the ideal of complete abandonment to God if one would find the Peace of Christ.

The conferences were originally addressed to priests and sisters of the Archdiocese of Port Louis in the Island of Mauretius, but they are applicable to souls everywhere —lay as well as religious.

Readers of Father Edward Leen's books will recognize the spirituality in "By Jacob's Well" as being similar to that contained in **"The True Vine and Its Branches," "In the Likeness of Christ"** and **"Why the Cross?"**

MARY'S LITTLE TROUBADOUR, by Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D. The Christian Family, Evanston, Illinois, 10 cents (paper) 47 pps.

This little booklet contains poems in honor of the Queen of Heaven, suitable for many occasions.

STUDY THE MASS, by Pius Parsch. Translated and prepared for discussion groups by William Busch. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 25 cents (discount in quantities) paper. 118 pps.

This explanation of the Mass is most welcome. The author needs no introduction to the American public since he is one of the most widely read of all writers on matters liturgical. "Study the Mass" is a synopsis of Dr. Parsch's larger work, "The Liturgy of the Mass," and holds to his popular style, clarity of expression and solid basis of learning. It will appeal to all, but study groups will find it especially helpful since Father Busch has specially arranged it for their use. The booklet is attractively printed and the reasonable price places it within easy reach of the many we hope will profit by it.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the Souls of:

Most Rev. Stephen Aleneastre, SS.CC., Hawaiian Islands.

Katherine Hemler, Harrisburg, Pa.

Gerardus Schafstall, 's Graveland, Holland (Great uncle of Sister M. Henrietta, S.C.M.M.)

Julia Foster, Farmington, Conn.

Edward Bond, Baltimore, Md.

Peter Sternberg, Annapolis, Md.

James McDermott, Ballindrait, Co. Donegal, Ireland (Great uncle of Sister John Mary, S.C.M.M.)

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Mrs. Caroline Wade, Washington, D.C. (Mother of Mother Angela, O.S.P., Washington, D.C.)

Catherine Quinn, R.N., Newport, R.I.

Mrs. Mary Murphy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Louisa Boehringer, Buffalo, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 52)

In India, the marriage market is in favor of women, there being only about 800 brides to 1,000 bridegrooms. The numerous discussions brought to light many comparisons between the Catholic and the Hindu religions. One thing that impresses Hindus very favorably about the Catholic religion is that it forbids divorce. To the Hindu, the marriage bond is sacred and cannot be dissolved. It imposes, however, a great hardship on women by forbidding all higher castes the remarriage of widows — even child-widows. In spite of laws allowing it, exceptions are still rare enough to "make the headlines."

My "munshi" had helped priests to translate the catechism and other religious books, and was well informed about the Catholic religion. He was quite open in saying that he would not object to becoming a Catholic, but for the horror of losing his caste and of having to associate with the Christian natives who, in the mission where I was, were all "sweepers." It would require nothing short of a miracle to overcome such a repugnance! And this, I found out later, applies to many Hindus.

While up to the present time few higher caste Hindus have become Catholics, it would be a lack of faith and trust in the grace of God to be too pessimistic about their eventual conversion. One must consider that those who have come in contact with Christianity have not always seen it at its best, and that the great masses of Hindus have not really touched as yet the fringe of the Mystical Body of Christ.

On the presumption that grace builds upon nature, one may hope for great things from the Hindus. They are naturally religious, naturally inclined to admire the mystic, naturally intelligent, and naturally accustomed to sacrifice self-interest for the common good, as demanded by their conjoint household and caste systems. Prayer and sacrifice can build the bridge between nature and grace.

—Anna Dengel

Tic Solves A Problem

by

PADDY HIMSELF

I knew there was going to be trouble. And I told Tic so. After I had counted twenty-three books on and about—and under—the Editor's desk, and Tic coming in with the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth under his arm, I couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Tic," said I, "what are you up to? The Editor very upset about your goings-on already, and you have to pick her desk for your nonsense!"

"Shhhhhhh!" says he, giving me a pat on the shoulder, "'tis quite all right, Paddy dear. I'm on a quest," he struck a pose, "a golden quest!"

I wanted to tell him that if he got caught it would probably be an in-quest, but before I could find a tactful way to say it, the door flew open, and there SHE was.

It took the Editor about one second to take in the state of things; it took less than that for her to decide who was responsible. "Tic." There was a dangerous rising of tone. "TIC!"

Plop! Flop! Bang! down went the three books. But the culprit managed to look quite jaunty as he stepped into view. "Here am I!" he announced with a bow.

"Tic, what does this mean?" The sweeping gesture included the three books just dropped.

"That?" Tic looked at the litter, then shrugged. "Oh, I was just looking for light, that's all."

"That's all?"

"Why, yes. You see, that's why I brought out this LIVES OF THE SAINTS." He leaned over quite confidentially, with his elbows on the top of the tallest stack and indicated a ponderous volume. "The Saints had lights, you know."

"Indeed?" The Editor seemed puzzled.

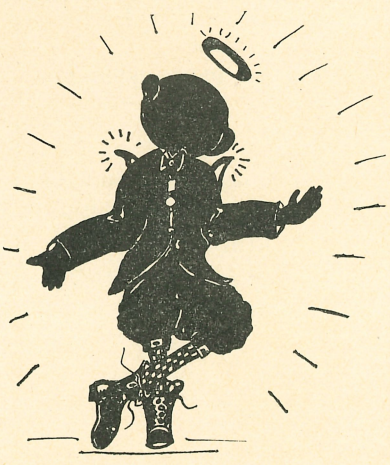
"Indeed." With emphasis. Then he continued with innocent candor: "And I thought maybe Editors might have lights, too. And that maybe if they just had the right kind of lights, they . . ."

"Tic," the Editor was being very patient, "there is a time and a place for everything—"

"But you have to have the light, too," said Tic, eagerly. "Why, you just can't have anything without the light! For instance, you may have the time and the place for a shadow, but if you haven't got the right light—you can't have a right shadow. So you see what an important thing light is!"

"And—a—what," ventured the Editor, "would you say would provide the best light for seeing a—well—a shadow?"

Tic clasped his hands around his left knee. "That," said he, "would depend upon the kind of a shadow you were looking at. Now if you wanted a very solid, shadow, I think it would be best to use the Light of Reason. Or if you wanted a nice dependable shadow, you could use the Light of Past Events. If you'd like one nice and tailored, no frills or trimmings, there is always the Light of Common Sense. For one with quite definite outlines, you can use the Light of What You Know About It." His voice became a little dreamy. "And I suppose if you wanted a vague shadow, you'd use the Light of What You Didn't Know About It —though" he spoke with conviction, "that light never amounts to much."



"And," said the Editor, with a queer restraint in her voice, "if one were looking, for instance, at the shadow, of—fun?"

"Ah," said the villain, coyly. "That's just what I was coming to. You see," he indicated the books, "I couldn't really find anything so very definite, but—" he started digging through the volumes, came up with a small book, thumbed through it, looked up triumphant. "Here it is: 'He looked at the kindly gentleman, and a smile lit up his face'." The book was closed, and you could feel the beam in his voice. "I haven't really tried—but I felt that if I could only stand in the Light of a Smile—" He was looking at the Editor. Suddenly he seemed to begin to glow. I looked over. The corners of the Editor's mouth were twitching. They twitched harder. And wider. Tic expanded. He shimmered. He SHONE!

"Oh," he cried, looking down at himself. "Oh! That's just what I wanted. It's beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!" He hopped off the desk, and skipped over the books, stood on his hands and wriggled his heels, then he was on his feet once more. And I can't explain it exactly, but somehow, shadow or no, he was just **radiant.**

For a minute he stood, with hands outspread. "How do I look?" says he.

"I think you've found the proper light," the Editor managed to say. "You look beautiful!"

And then, do you know what the impudent rascal did? He hopped up onto the desk, scribbled something on my shirtfront, hopped down again, made a sweeping bow, and was gone out of the door. I looked down on my chest. I had to read it upside down sort of, and as near as I could make out, the letters went like this: GNILIMS PEEK. But I think I know what he meant!

P.S. Don't forget your Till Box!

—Tic.

Native Indian Medical-Missionaries-To-Be

"It is truly meet and just, right and available unto salvation, always and in all places to give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God."

In this spirit, and especially during this season of Lent, we invite you to membership in our League of Gratitude.

We are working on a burse—the "St. Thomas Burse"—to provide for the education and training of one of the Indian nurses in our Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, who wishes to become a Medical Missionary.

$3000 will provide sufficient income for one candidate. (We have five—the five pictured above—but—one at a time!)

A contribution toward this burse will enroll you as a member of THE LEAGUE OF GRATITUDE, and you will share in the prayers and works of the community and in those of your fellow members. Send your contribution to:

DR. ANNA DENGEL
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

POSTSCRIPT BY TIC:

If you're to far to visit us, and help us round about . . . Well . . . here's a tip—It may be you can help our helpers out! We have all sorts of helpers, here and there. One of these "helpers" is the LOTS FOR LITTLE SHOP in New York City, 902 Third Avenue; telephone: PLaza 3-1850. They sell clothing, ornaments, books, antiques, furniture, pictures, china, old jewelry—anything and everything! They send for all goods within the city limits.